

# *Sketch*

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## Hypoparathyroidism

Jamie Steyer\*

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# Hypoparathyroidism

## by Keyana Williams

**April of 2012.**

Turn, next right. Endocrinology's through doors. Third time given. Brown wood floors. Alcohol, needles, blood. Long bleak hallways. Gone too far. Slows pace... stops. At nursing station. Where is Endocrinology? On the right? Shoot, right-thenright?. Or was leftthemright? Nurse glares up. Stern cold glare. Eyecontact doesn't break. Sweat beating down. Still as statue.

Tense silence thickens. Forty-five seconds later. "Right behind you. Through those doors." Quickly, I turn. Walk walk walk. Brown eyes staring. Down my back. Six feet doors. Twenty pounds each. Big neon sign. White illuminating letters. ENDOCRINOLOGY and GENERAL. Sign hung high. Feet still moving. Up to check-in. Receptionist in scrubs. Name: Chardonnay Hooker. Chardonnay Hooker... umm? Big blue eyes. Kind blue eyes. Checks me in. Ten-minutes are given. Until the doctor. I walk hesitantly. Sit down... inhale/exhale. Tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock. Time now 15:15. Time now 15:30. Time now 15:45. Legs are shaking. Hands are sweating. Ten-minutes, huh? Mom runs in. Curls are deflated. Bags under eyes. Office phone rings. Red button pushed. Thank you God. The doctor's ready.

Cold, narrow examination-room. New hospital gown. Exchange for jeans. Alcohol filled air. Weight needed now. Followed by height. Nurse comes in. Sits down rapidly. Type Type Type. Ask for name. Date of Birth. Medication being taken. Reason for visit. Reason given: spine. Spine isn't straight. Only just slightly. Sixteen-years-old, crooked spine. Doctor comes in. Coffee stained coat. Hair greased back. Clicks open pen. Doesn't look up. Muffled loud grunts. Looks up... finally. Introduction being given. Sweaty hands interlock. Stethoscope gently pressed. LubDub LubDub... Dub. Quickly jots notes. More tests ordered. EKG, blood, vitals.

Red fluid tube. Three holes bruised. No blood drawn. Fourth-time's a charm. Calcium/phosphorus/magnesium/PTH are tested. May of 2012.

Cold, narrow examination-room. Same hospital gown. Blood work back. Calcium levels second-glances. Normal levels 8.5-10.2mg/dL. 13 to 14mg/dL. Clicks open pen. Mark on chart. Hypoparathyroidism, the disease. Affects posterior gland. Parathyroid abnormal gland. Enlarged by seventeen-times. Murmurs of surgery. Consequences of non-surgery. Life or Death. Osteoporosis at twenty-one. Depression or forgetfulness. Excessive abdominal pain. Large kidney stones. Throwing up constantly. Onandonandon. Questions questions questions. "Are you tired?" Sleep fourteen/fifteen-hours. On average night. Sixteen-hours. longest record. "Are you numb/tingle/burn?" Hands are sweaty. Piles of work. Only time occurs. "Any brittle nails?" Lose and grow. Three time cycle. Toe-nails

I mean. Within four months.

Mom's hands sweating. Cheeks full red. Eyes filled water. Eyecontact with me. Then to doctor. Three cycles completed. Muffled whispers linger. Disease seen sixty-five-years-old. Not at sixteen. Three times repeated. I'm only sixteen — think to myself.

July of 2012.

One hour rest. The sky orange/purple/yellow. Hands are sweating. Cheeks full red. Eyes haven't blinked. Doors slide open. Alcohol, iodoform, sanitizer. Beds, gurneys, alarms. White illuminating walls. Peel on tile. Loud screams mourning/celebrating. Turn next right. Endocrinology through doors. Mom quickens pace. Dad here today. Bags under eyes. Receptionist in scrubs. Check-in begins. Time now 08:00.

Old Hospital gown. Red fluid tube. One hole drew. Time now 08:45. Anesthesia being given. 10.9.8.

Time now 12:07.

RECOVERYROOM neon lights. One less organ. Blink, blink, blink. In and out. Nurses take vitals. Good, good, good. Parents both hover. Prayers were answered. Twelve-holes in arm. Poked for IV. Only two needed. Poked for blood. Ten-holes for blood? Forearm entirely black-and-blue. Calcium/phosphorus/magnesium/PTH are tested.

Swallowing doesn't exist. Eating doesn't exist. Speaking doesn't exist. Only fire exists. Fire lingers inside. Squeezes my eyes. NotReal, NotReal, NotReal! FIRE, FIRE, FIRE. Clench my teeth. Fire consumes me. Bellowed hoarse cry. 15:20 throwing up. 15:37 throwing up. 16:16 throwing up. Throat is crying. Rapid water streams. Hospital gown damp. Blood stains splattered. Small only small. Wailing into night.

Time now 04:35. Man vs. Food. Travel network shows. Mom softly looks. "You love food!" Slight, faint smile. Bags lower now. No sleep welcomed.

August of 2012.

Brown hardwood floors. Directions not needed. ENDOCRINOLGY and GENERAL. Sign hung high. White illuminating letters. Alcohol, needles, blood. Twenty-pound doors. Six-feet high. No hospital gown. Nurses comes in. Sit down gently. Weight first... height. Routine routine routine.

Red filled tube. Two holes today. Better, not good. Five tubes needed. Filled liquid red. Tests are ordered. Calcium/phosphorus/magnesium/PTH are tested. Rushed on delivery.

\*A week later\*

Ring. Ring. Ring. Green button pushed. Mom's hands dry. Water flowing down. Shrieks all around. Jump, Jump, Jump. Hugsandkisses, HugsandKisses, Hugsand-Kisses. Calcium levels normal. See me next. In July 2013. More tests ordered. Annual routine procedure. Check-ups, no surgery.